

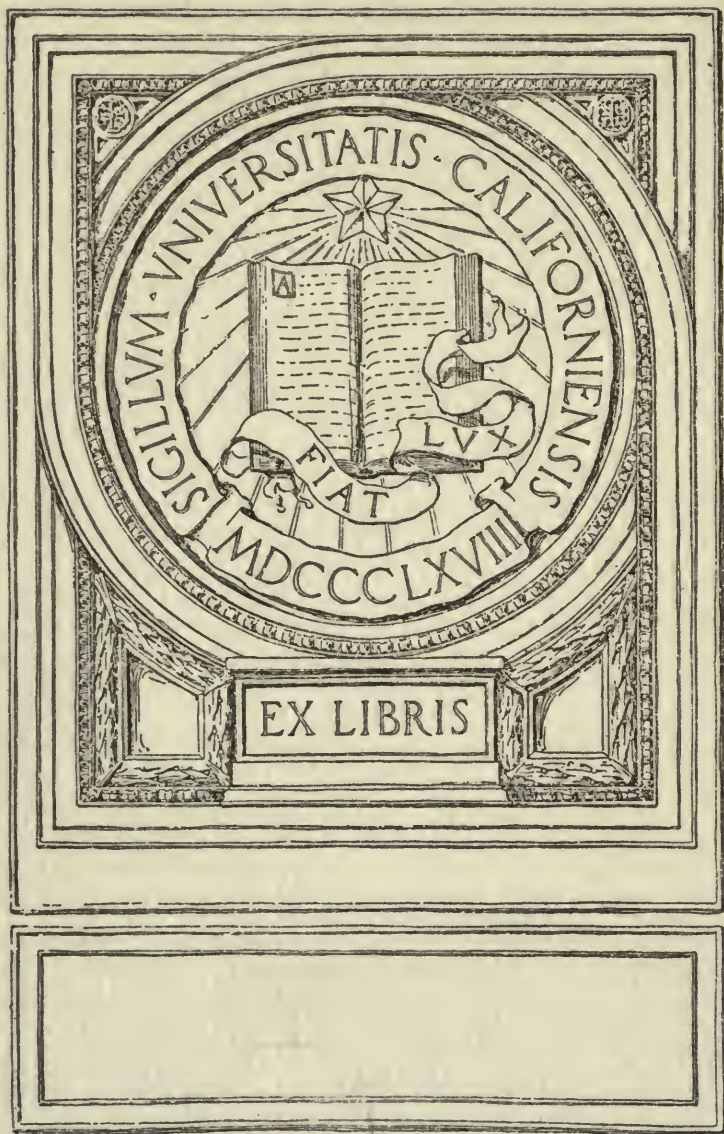
# A Fardel of Epigrams

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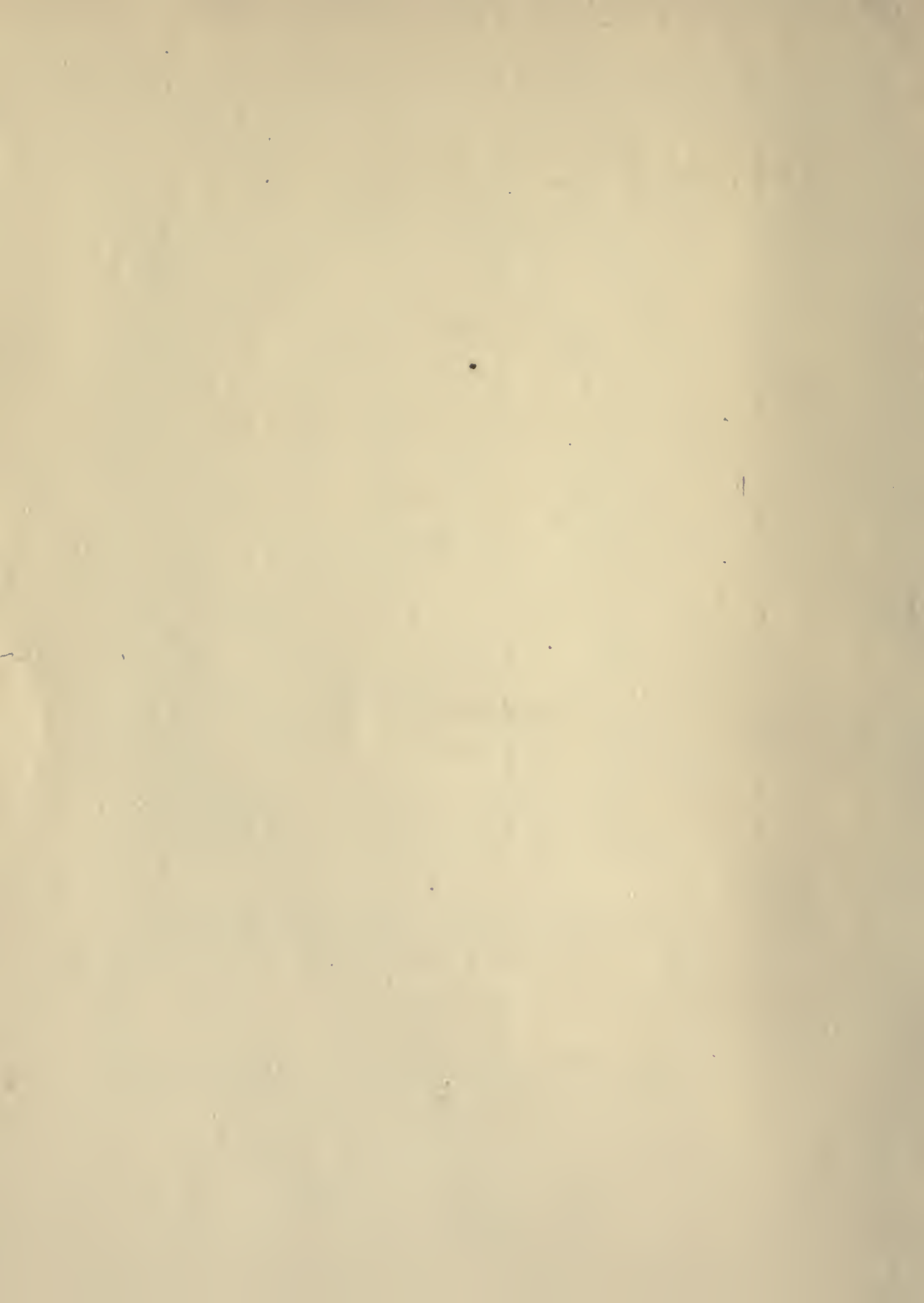


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F. P. Barnard









A

# FARDEL OF EPIGRAMS

*Done into English by*

FRANCIS PIERREPONT BARNARD

M.A., D.LITT.

HON. FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD

*Scribuntur haec,  
Leguntur haec,  
Et lecta negliguntur.*

L O N D O N

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## PREFACE

*THE contents of this little volume consist of examples drawn to some extent from familiar classical Greek and Latin sources, but for the most part from the undeservedly neglected Neo-Latin and French epigrammatists of the late fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. One eleventh-century writer has been included who may serve as a link.*

*In the case of those epigrams which originally applied to individuals, now obscure or forgotten, I have not hesitated to substitute modern or suggestive names, where it seemed convenient, in order that the application might be to permanent types, thus employing, in a way, the method known in the seventeenth century as allusive. The mingling of sentiment and satire here is intentional, as being illustrative of the chance-medley of daily experience, and I have purposely mixed together specimens of*

## PREFACE

*different ages as the ideas expressed in this class of composition are of a universal character and have no special relation to any one period. Unless otherwise stated, the versions are as close to the originals as I have been able to make them, but here and there I have dealt with diffuseness or obscurity by condensation or expansion, in other words by presenting 'idem pressius' or 'idem fusius', as the Latin authors put it when taking similar liberties. The terms 'Paraphrase of' or 'Suggested by' denote a less or a greater degree of remoteness from the prototype. There were various reasons for adopting such expedients, but in every instance the essence of the thought has been preserved.*

*If these few pages can help at all, however modestly, towards a revival of the almost extinct art and love of epigram, I shall be glad.*

F. P. B.

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I

**B**LAME not for thievish the translator's toil :  
His gains are fairly got as hard-earned spoil.

(*Nicolai Catharini Epigrammata*, Bourges,  
1664, p. 39. N. Catherinot, Sieur de  
Coulons, d. 1688.)

II

HIPPOMANES, say which is true,  
When you Cythere's apples<sup>1</sup> threw  
In Atalanta's way,  
Did you desire your love as well  
By hymeneal gifts to tell,  
Or but her speed to stay?  
Howe'er it be, each end attained,  
The race was won, the bride was gained.

(ΑΡΑΒΙΟΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΣ. *Anthologia*  
*Planudea*, 144.)

III

**I**RIS by twenty lovers is beset,  
And twenty hapless wretches doth she make.  
Among us all none other will she let,  
Save only me, address her; nor will take  
A single word from one of you. And yet  
Your jealous hearts, my rivals, need not ache;  
For since you ne'er leave her and me alone,  
My cause for plaint is juster than your own.

(PAVILLON; d. 1705.)

IV

NOW are the Muses ten, the Graces four,  
And doubled even is the Paphian Queen :  
For in the wit and charm of Alienore  
A Muse, a Grace, a Venus, all are seen.

(*Anthologia Palatina*, v, 95. *Incerto*  
*Auctore.*)<sup>2</sup>

V

MY darling vows that none but I shall be her wedded  
lord,  
Not even Jove, though he in person<sup>3</sup> sought her.  
That's what she says : yet woman's words wise lovers  
will record  
Upon the rushing wind or racing water.

(CATULLUS, lxx.)



VI

A CURATE once aroused my ridicule.  
Naught did he say. I set him down a fool.  
In this I erred, since, when he silence broke,  
He showed himself a fool for having spoke.

(Suggested by LINIÈRE ; d. 1704.)

VII

FOR love much fasting is a rapid cure :  
Or deadening time, though slow, is yet more sure.  
If neither quench the flame, there is no hope,  
One only remedy remains—a rope.

(KPATHΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, ix, 497.)

VIII

YOU ask why Pangloss does not write a book. He's  
wise :

The day he publishes his name for learning dies.

(JANUS PANNONIUS. Wright, *Delitiae  
Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 240. Jean de Cisinge,  
of Hungary, d. 1472.)

IX

I KNOW not why by every post you send a billet-  
doux :

I know that not a single one is ever sent to you.

(MARTIAL, xi, 64).

X

THE ravings of an angry wife no wise man fears :  
There's danger when a woman baits her trap with  
tears.

(Suggested by *Disticha Catonis*, III, xix;  
R. Stephanus, Paris, 1585, p. 79.)<sup>4</sup>

XI

WHOSE beard is whiter than his head, 'tis plain  
He works the jaw much harder than the brain.

(Paraphrase of RAPHAEL PLACENTINUS.  
Gruter, *Delitiae Italorum Poetarum*, 1608,  
ii, p. 247. Raphael of Piacenza was living  
in 1477.)<sup>5</sup>

XII

THE WIFE TO CHOOSE

ESPOUSE a wife nor beauteous nor plain :  
Distaste or jealousy is all you'd gain.  
Let, then, the choice lie balanced 'twixt the two :  
Such as you'll neither shun nor others sue.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 5.)<sup>6</sup>

XIII

A DANGEROUS CRITIC

IN vain try Scowler, Bludgeoner, and Japer,  
To frighten me from putting pen to paper.  
Danger alone I fear from Poetaster,  
Who says I wrote his verse ! There lies disaster.

(*Suggested by BOILEAU DESPRÉAUX* ; d.  
1711.)

XIV

TO THOMAS WOLSEY: 'EGO ET REX MEUS'

'EGO et Rex' maintain the grammatists :  
On 'Rex et Ego' etiquette insists.  
The first is scholarly, the last polite  
And courtiers fits, but not the erudite.

(*Joannis Andoeni Epig.*, 1659, iv, No. 69.  
Owen d. 1622.)

XV

TO A FLOWER-PAINTER

I F mine eye be not untrue,  
Art hath Nature here outvied ;  
When these blooms your pencil drew,  
Flora surely was its guide.

(MELLIN DE SAINT-GEAIS ; d. 1558.)



XVI

THE GALLANT AND THE GLOVE-SELLER

‘HOW, Madam, do you sell these gloves?’ ‘They  
are but half-a-crown.’

‘Nay, won’t a florin be enough? No credit; money  
down.’

‘Indeed, Sir, less I could not ask. They cost more,  
as I live.’

‘If you will add a kiss with them, a sovereign I’ll give.’

‘I’ve taken nothing all the week, Sir—’Tis my birth-  
day too—

Besides—besides,’ her eyes made play, ‘I can’t say no  
to you.’

(Suggested by DE CAILLY ; d. 1673.)

XVII

NEAERA'S TRIUMPH

CUPID, his wingèd way pursuing,  
Upon Neaera chanced.  
He thought her Venus. 'What's a-doing,  
Mother?' cried he. Then, tranced,  
His error saw at second viewing,  
E'en blushing as he glanced.

(FABIUS SEGNIUS. Bottari, *Carmina Illustrum Poetarum Italorum*, 1719-26, ix, p. 25. Fabio Segni : dates uncertain.)<sup>7</sup>

XVIII

I, NYMPH and Guardian of this Fount and Precinct  
Blest,

Lulled by the gently murmuring flow, repose in sleep:  
Invaders of its marble depth break not my rest,

Drink as ye will, or lave, but reverent silence keep!

(*De Nympha. Incerto Auctore. Epigrammata et Poematia Vetera* [edited by P. Pithou]. Geneva, 1619, p. 3.)<sup>8</sup>

XIX

FITZ-TOPER gets drunk twice a day,  
MacSoaker once. Of these two sots

Which is the worse? The last I say:

The first is sober 'tween his pots.

(JULIUS CAESAR SCALIGERUS. Wright, *Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 119. J. C. Scaliger d. 1558.)

XX

ONCE Cupid's quiver, while he slept,  
Grace, furtive, ravished. Cupid wept.  
'Weep not,' said Venus, 'she'll restore,  
Grace hath her eyes and needs no more.'

(HIERONYMUS ANGERIANUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Italorum Poetarum*, 1608, i, p. 186.  
*Condensed*: Girolamo Angeriano *fl.* early  
16th cent.)

XXI

LAST night befell the drollest happening.  
Wagg came to dine. I had besought  
That his best friend and bitterest foe he'd bring.  
His dog and wife were what he brought.

(EURICIUS CORDUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, ii, p. 877  
Eurich Cordus d. 1535.)

XXII

THE FOUR AGES OF WOMAN

ON the first day of courting Phyllis bid  
Her lover give twelve pennies for a kiss.  
The second day he better business did :  
Twelve kisses for a penny 's not amiss.  
Upon the third, with all the pence she'd made,  
A single kiss from him she gladly bought.  
The fourth day she would anything have paid  
To buy the kiss he gave to Kate for naught.

(*Suggested by* FERRAND ; d. 1719.)



XXIII

SIXPENNY GUESTS

AT Screw's to lunch some eight or nine  
Are treated for a crown.

At Skimp's a larger crowd to dine  
For smaller cost sits down.

In sooth a pampered company  
Each host must entertain :

Who meets me not at Screw's, perdie,  
At Skimp's will search in vain.

(MELLIN DE SAINT-GELAIS; d. 1558.)

XXIV

PHYLLIS, tame the kisses seem  
Which, unbesought, you proffer :  
Sweeter far men kisses deem,  
When maids resistance offer.  
As cats, so lovers, like to steal,  
And covet the forbidden meal.<sup>9</sup>

(BALTHASAR BONIFACIUS. Wright, *Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 92. B. Bonifacio, Archbishop of Capo d'Istria, d. 1659.)

XXV

**E**ACH morn her glass a face reveals  
In Chloe's eyes so fair,  
That, save for it, no love she feels  
And drives me to despair.  
A suitor's cause can thrive but ill,  
Whose Mistress is his Rival still.

(L'ABBÉ DE SAINT PAVIN; d. 1670.)

XXVI

‘TRUTH lieth at the bottom of a well’ !<sup>10</sup>  
*In vino veritas* the sages tell.

Doth it not at the bottle’s bottom dwell ?

(Suggested by *Audoeni Epig.*, i, No. 18.)

XXVII

YOUR verse abounds with faults, as all agree,  
So when you ask ‘And where are they, prythee ?’  
You’re asking ‘Where is water in the sea ?’

(ANGELUS POLITIANUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Italorum Poetarum*, 1608, ii, p. 335.  
Politian d. 1494.)

XXVIII

POOR was I born—the truth I'll not conceal :  
No feeble qualms of conscience do I feel—  
Poor I remain for lack of skill to steal.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 50.)

XXIX

ASCOTCHMAN spent a saxpence in a dream :  
And, horror-struck, so real did it seem,  
Straight hanged himself upon the nearest beam.

(*Suggested by* ΛΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, xi, 264.)



XXX

FOR wine itself I've no desire,  
But if, Melissa, you require  
That I should drunken be,  
Take from the happy cup a sip,  
Then set it to my thirsting lip,  
So pass your kiss to me.

(ΑΓΑΘΙΑΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΣ. *Anthologia  
Palatina*, v, 261. *Condensed*.)

XXXI

THE Vain delight their tombs to load  
With memoir, eulogy, and ode.  
An epitaph, beyond dispute,  
Precisely one and all to suit,  
'Obscure my origin,' would read,  
'More so my end.' What else d'ye need?

(*Suggested by* DE GOMBERVILLE ; d. 1675.)

XXXII

‘KNOW THYSELF’

ON thy poor self no thought bestowing,  
Find something really worth the knowing.

(*Andoeni Epig.*, i, No. 8.)

XXXIII

TO THE PREACHER

WHAT’S good alone is not enough to show,  
But what’s the good of good we wish to know.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 60.)

XXXIV

THE SHAVELING'S CONFESSION

‘MY sins number more than the hairs of my head!’  
‘My son, since you’re shorn, that may safely be  
said.’

(Suggested by HENRICUS HARDERUS.  
Rostgaard, *Deliciae Poetarum Danorum*,  
1693, ii, p. 262. Harder d. 1683.)

XXXV

ON A DISSECTED PAUPER

OF flies in amber tombed ’tis said,  
‘Worthless alive, but priceless dead.’

(Suggested by *N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 50.)<sup>11</sup>

XXXVI

TWO holy clerks did Providence beneficent preserve,  
So that they might for many years in the same  
minster serve.

The one the reverend chaplain of the burial ground ;  
his trust

God's acre was : the faithful he committed to the dust.

The other a dissector of great fame, a learned monk.

Nathless the very name of each in t'other's nostrils  
stunk.

Embittered by an endless suit at law that nursed their  
ire,

From New Year's Morn to New Year's Eve they  
scowled across the choir.

Unspoken execrations would defile the sacred psalm,

Far deeper for suppression, fiercer far for outward calm.

With time their mutual hatred ever more impatient  
grew ;

The burden of their evil thoughts was this, as all men  
knew :

'When shall I sing the requiem glad upon this butcher-  
ing beast ?'

'When shall I carve the loathsome carcass of this  
swindling priest ?'

*(Suggested by J.-B. ROUSSEAU ; d. 1741.)*

XXXVII

A CHEAPJACK stood amid a gaping crowd,  
For to the numskulls he was bawling loud  
That, if in him they placed their confidence,  
The Devil he would show. Out came the pence.  
A purse he then produced. 'Pray look inside,'  
Cried he, with this its mouth he opened wide,  
'There's nothing in it, every one can see.  
Now pass it round, there'll no deception be.  
Well, then, my friends, on this we're all agreed :  
An empty purse to open—that's "The Devil" indeed.

(MELLIN DE SAINT-GELAIS; d. 1558.)<sup>12</sup>



XXXVIII

‘ANNOSA once was in her prime.’ ‘No doubt.  
In days when Noe on the Flood gazed out.  
Of that dim past of hers we cannot speak :  
A grave now, not a spouse, ’tis hers to seek.’

(NIKAPXOΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, xi, 71.)

XXXIX

AS Sponger ’mid the crowd drew near,  
At cadging meals an old adept,  
I happed by chance my throat to clear :  
‘Thanks!’ said he promptly, ‘I accept!’

(NICOLAUS GRUDIUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Belgicorum*, 1614, ii, p. 576.  
‘Grudius,’ i.e. Nicolas Everard, d. 1571.)

XL

BILL SYKES was to be hanged at break of day :  
O'er night a thief the gibbet stole away.  
'Where will a rascal stop,' the poet saith,  
'Who robs a convict of his well-earned death ?'

(HERCULES STROZA. Wright, *Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 127. Ercole Strozzi, of Ferrara, assassinated 1508.)<sup>13</sup>

XLI

'TIS no sure love a beauty to desire.  
To be by passion for a hag distraught,  
That is indeed to burn in Cupid's fire ;  
Since any man with eyes by looks is caught.

(ΜΑΡΚΟΣ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΠΙΟΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, v, 89. *Condensed*.)<sup>14</sup>

XLII

**P**HYLLIS, they say, herself is yearning  
To grant the love for which I'm burning.  
To credit this I am unable,  
It seemeth but a pleasant fable.  
Here's Cupid's chance to prove his learning  
By Fable into History turning.

(RICHELET ; d. 1698.)

XLIII

TEN thousand times an oath I swore  
Epigrams to write no more,  
They rouse the hate of the fools I quiz.  
But whene'er I see old Jowler's phiz,  
This itch I really can't restrain,  
So to humour give the rein.

(ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, xi, 340.)

XLIV

YOU ask the lass whom I would choose ?  
One not too easy, nor too coy.  
Some yield at once, some long refuse :  
The last would irk, the first would cloy.

(*Paraphrase of MARTIAL*, i, 57.)<sup>15</sup>

XLV

MISS MIDAS in the marriage-mart's a prize :  
Stale and ill-favoured, but of vast estate.  
At sales a broker thus old metal buys,  
Not for the workmanship, but for the weight.

(BARRATON ; d. c. 1725.)

XLVI

I'M armed against the shafts of Love with Reason's  
coat of mail.

So long as we're but one to one in fight he'll not prevail;  
Though mortal, I the deathless god will face nor  
ever shun.

If Bacchus aid him, where's my chance? 'Twill then  
be two to one!

(ΠΟΥΦΙΝΟΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, v, 93.)<sup>16</sup>

XLVII

WHEN X deceased and passed below,  
Earth jumped for joy. 'For you 'tis well,'  
Said Nick, 'but I should like to know  
Why was this monster sent to Hell?'

(*Paraphrase of EURICIUS CORDUS*. Gruter,  
*Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, ii,  
p. 844. Eurich Cordus d. 1535.)



XLVIII

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

BY ὕστερον πρότερον 's meant inverted speech :  
'Cambridge and Oxford' will an instance teach.

(*Audoeni Epig.*, vi, No. 3.)

XLIX

*CUR SONTES IMPUNITI?*

IF for each sin a penal thunderbolt were hurled,  
Jove soon would be left weaponless before the world.

(*OVID, Tristia*, ii, 33-4.)

L

THE BEST OF TIME-TELLERS

THE gnomon's dwindled shades of midday tell :  
My belly's clock<sup>17</sup> the hour marks quite as well.

(HUGO GROTIUS. Wright, *Delitiae Deliciarum*, 1637, p. 196. De Groot d. 1645.)

LI

TO DR. GILBERT<sup>18</sup>

'THE earth revolves,' say you. Incredible to me !  
That inference was drawn perhaps when on the sea.

(*Andoeni Epig.*, i, No. 14.)

LII

LAÏS CADIVA <sup>19</sup>

I, LAÏS, who so insolently bore  
Myself to Greece in days when at my door  
Crowds of young lovers might I daily see,  
My mirror, Venus, offer up to thee.  
What once I was it doth no longer show,  
What now I am I do not wish to know.

(Attributed to ΠΛΑΤΩΝ, but much later.  
*Anthologia Palatina*, vi, 1.) <sup>20</sup>

LIII

IS FORTUNE BLIND?

‘WHY do men say that Fortune’s blind?’ ‘Doubtless  
It is because the just she doth repress,  
And the unjust enableth to uprise.’  
‘But by this reasoning surely she hath eyes;  
For, if she cannot see, how may she tell  
Which are the bad to raise, the good to quell?’

(JOHANNES SECUNDUS, *edited by* Scriverius,  
Leyden, 1631, p. 118. Jan Everard d. 1536.)

LIV

BESIDE a felon to the gallows-tree  
There went a priest. 'Be not downcast,' quoth he,  
'For presently yourself in Heaven you'll see  
A guest among the blest.'<sup>21</sup> 'Father, prythee,'  
The felon said, 'if true, instead of me,  
Take there my place. I heartily agree.'  
'Alas!' the priest replied, 'I am not free :  
To feast on this, a fast-day, would unlawful be.'<sup>22</sup>

(GEORGIUS SABINUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, v, p. 1140.  
Georg Schüler d. 1560.)

LV

A TOPER had an extra bout o'er night.  
Next day his anxious wife, who feared the worst,  
Called in a doctor. Quoth the pompous quack,  
‘This case much skill requires. He must be nursed.  
High fever, with great dryness of the throat,  
The symptoms are. The last I'll deal with first.’  
‘Reverse the treatment, Sir,’ the sufferer cried,  
‘You heal the fever, I'll soon cure the thirst.’

(Suggested by J.-B. ROUSSEAU ; d. 1741.) <sup>23</sup>



LVI

TO LAELIA

YOU say your flattering mirror doth return  
A face too beauteous, Laelia fair.  
Seek you your real loveliness to learn?  
Look in mine eyes and see it there.

(NICOLAUS GRUDIUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Belgicorum*, 1614, ii, p. 572.  
'Grudius,' i.e. Nicolas Everard, d. 1571.)

LVII

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

JACK SAWBONES, late a medico,  
Is now an undertaker.  
Scant difference there is, you know,  
'Twixt corpse- and coffin-maker.

(*Paraphrase of MARTIAL*, i, 47.)

LVIII

LILIA MIXTA ROSIS

SHUN me not, damsel, for my hoary head,  
While your fair cheek with youthful bloom is red.  
Spurn not my love, nor yet it vain believe :  
Roses and lilies an apt garland weave.

(*Anacreontea*, xxxiii.) <sup>24</sup>

LIX

EPITAPH

AT last and henceforth mute, in death here sleeps  
The corpse of Garrula, whose loss none weeps.  
Silence eterne's indeed inadequate  
For seventy years of clack to compensate.

(FURETIÈRE; d. 1688.)

LX

A STARVELING bard snored in his garret bare,  
When suddenly of creaking he was ware,  
And, looking round, a stealthy burglar spied :  
'Prythee, my friend,' th' astounded poet cried,  
'What can you hope to get in depth of night  
Where I can nothing get in broad daylight?'

(A.-L LE BRUN; d. 1743.)<sup>25</sup>

LXI

CUPID, on rapid wing, the sportive boy,  
Snatched up his weapons to employ  
His art upon my mistress. Ah, my joy!

But met her cruel gaze and turned to flee,  
‘Not thou indeed! Oh, mercy me!  
Hearts that can love alone I seek!’ cried he.

(HIERONYMUS ANGERIANUS. Gruter, *Deliciae Italorum Poetarum*, 1608, i, p. 203.  
Girolamo Angeriano *fl.* early 16th  
century.)

LXII

’**T**WIXT Love and Friendship, sages say, no kinship  
can be traced :

’Tis clear that Love’s on blindness built, Friendship on  
knowledge based.

(DE BUSSY-RABUTIN ; d. 1693.)

LXIII

**N**OCTURNAL mice my epigrams devour.  
You think they have a taste for what is sour?

(EURICIUS CORDUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, ii, p. 849.  
Eurich Cordus d. 1535.)

LXIV

THOUGH you I praise, you me abuse, 'tis vain :  
For we can neither any credence gain.

(*Georgii Buchanani Scoti Poemata*, Amst.,  
1687, p. 354. *Buchanan d. 1582.*)<sup>26</sup>

LXV

LOVERS and bards alike are mad, as none denies.  
To him who's both at once whatever term applies?

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 19.)



LXVI

MAGNA EST ERUDITIO ET PRAEVALEBIT

DEEP in Demosthenes, in Tully buried quite,  
    *Bookworm*, the day too short, sat far into the night.  
A flea hopped down his back. Distracting parasite !  
But he, in Plato's secret lore full erudite,  
Well versed, too, in the logic of the Stagyrte,  
First long and subtly reasoned, then put out the light,  
Arguing the baffled insect could not see to bite.

(JOANNES LEOCHAEUS. Leask, *Musa Latina Aberdonensis*, ed. by Geddes, 1895, iii, p. 290, No. xxix. Leach d. c. 1626.)

LXVII

TO VESBIA <sup>27</sup>

LO! me in pains diverse you keep,  
With love I burn, for love I weep :  
By fire and water racked the while,  
I am an Etna and a Nile.  
Oh ! will these not their powers ally  
My flame to quench, my tears to dry ?

(ACTIUS SANNAZARIUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Italarum Poetarum*, 1608, ii, p. 732.  
Sannazaro d. 1530.) <sup>28</sup>

LXVIII

VIPERA ATTONITA

ONCE on a day a viper bit a Hun,  
But, by the poisonous Teuton blood undone,  
Dropped dead upon the spot. He was a sadder,  
Time lacked to render him a wiser, adder.

(Suggested by ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΣ. *Anthologia  
Palatina*, xi, 237.<sup>29</sup>)

LXIX

MARTIAL am I! To many men and nations known  
For my largiloquent, long-winded verse, I  
freely own,  
And not unkindly quips. None needs with envy swell:  
The name of any racer on the turf is known as well.

(MARTIAL, x, 9.)

LXX

THE TOPER'S TOMB

NO tears, old friends, upon my burial place,  
But grateful offerings of good wine I pray ;  
To beg the earth lie light I've not the face,  
Since, living, heavy on it oft I lay.

(HENRICUS HARDERUS. Rostgaard, *Deliciae Poetarum Danorum*, Leyden, 1693, ii, p. 262. Harder d. 1683.)

LXXI

CLIO at twenty, 'tis well known, became the reigning belle :  
To-day at fifty homage unabated she'd compel.  
Sure, we must humour the poor thing, and let her have  
her will :  
Newcastle, too, ten centuries hence will be New Castle  
still.

(MONTREUIL ; d. 1682.)

LXXII

THE CONSCIENTIOUS JUDGE

‘USHER ! Cry silence ! Justice must begin,’  
Thundered the Judge, ‘Do stop this deafening  
din !

Ten suits have I decided, nor have heard  
Of all the arguments a single word !’

(BARRATON ; d. c. 1725.)

LXXIII

EPITAPH ON PIETRO ARETINO

SCOURGE of the Great, below this urn of peace  
Rest I, whose living gall knew no surcease.  
I spared no mortal. If the Gods I spared,  
’Twas that perhaps of them I’d never heard.

(STEPHANUS PASCHASIUS. Wright, *Delitiae  
Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 34. Étienne Pasquier  
d. 1615.)<sup>30</sup>

LXXIV

OWEN TO HIMSELF

THE booksellers your work desire ;  
You name the price, receive your gains ;  
Printed and published, you're a buyer.  
Poor you, to sell and buy your brains !

(*Andoeni Epig.*, x, No. 24.)

LXXV

TO PICTA

I, THOUGHTLESS, praised your beauty's wonder  
To Rimmel, of cosmetic skill.  
'Tis mine', cried he, '—and oft I've dunned her—  
Not hers, until she's paid my bill !'

(BRÉBEUF ; d. 1661.)

LXXVI

WOMAN the 'softer sex' ! Why, Eve, 'tis known,  
Sprang not from Adam's flesh, but from his bone !

(*Audoeni Epig.*, i, No. 70.)

LXXVII

ONE tongue, two hands, hath Nature given to you,  
Hinting that little talk, much work is due.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 26.)



LXXVIII

JUSTICE, the jade, displays her scales, but not her  
weights :  
To show us these as openly she hesitates.

(GILBERT ; d. c. 1680.)

LXXIX

‘ XANTHIPPE’S dead of plague ! ’ ‘ A fitting death :  
Plaguy her life, plaguy her latest breath.’

(*Suggested by N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 46,) <sup>31</sup>

LXXX

‘TWO happy days hath wedlock’, Wisdom saith,  
‘The day of nuptials and the day of death.’  
Thus married life is free from all annoy,  
Since it begins and also ends in joy.

(STEPHANUS PASCHASIUS. Wright, *Delitiae  
Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 31. Étienne Pasquier  
d. 1615.)<sup>32</sup>

LXXXI

TO lend me a poor thousand pounds  
Midas was unwilling :  
Dives refused much more, Gadzounds !  
He refused a shilling !

(HENRICUS HARDERUS. Rostgaard, *Deliciae  
Poetarum Danorum*, 1693, ii, p. 255.  
Harder d. 1683.)

LXXXII

THOU art, and justly, furious with me,  
Enraged, methinks, by certain verse of mine :  
And, justly too, in turn I laugh at thee ;  
I'd like to know who would not laugh at thine.

(ANGELUS POLITIANUS. Bottari, *Carmina  
Illustrum Poetarum Italorum*, 1719-26,  
viii, p. 377. Politian d. 1494.)

LXXXIII

UPON the gorgeous mausoleum built  
O'er five dead husbands, happy now in Hell,  
'This wrought their wife' stares loud in letters gilt.  
Could she her sorry tale more clearly tell?

(Suggested by MARTIAL, ix, 15.)

LXXXIV

CUPID once, amid the roses, by a lurking bee was  
stung,  
‘Slain am I!’ cried he, and, fleeing, to his mother  
Venus clung.  
‘Whom they call the wingèd serpent, he to death hath  
wounded me!’  
Sobbed the frightened god of lovers; but reprov-ingly  
said she:  
‘If a paltry little insect can to you such suffering deal,  
Only think what hapless mortals stricken by your  
arrow feel!’

(*Anacreontea*, xl.)<sup>33</sup>

LXXXV

AS Falstaff ambled on a tottering nag,  
His paunch upon its drooping neck aswag,  
Shouted a droll, to raise a laugh inclined,  
'Why is your pack before and not behind?'  
Pat came the repartee, 'Because, no doubt,  
'Twere safer thus with rogues like you about!'

(*Suggested by BARRATON ; d. c. 1725.*)

LXXXVI

WHEN Armstrong thrashed poor Weakerly, since  
witnesses were there,  
His honour to regain a second thrashing he'd to bear.

(GOMBAUD ; d. 1666.)

LXXXVII

‘THIS verse was writ off-hand, with running pen,  
I vow.’

‘Had you not told us so, each page were proof enow.’

(M. ANTONIUS MURETUS : Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, ii, p. 773.  
Marc-Antoine Muret d. 1585.)<sup>34</sup>

LXXXVIII

WHY are the faults of others, not our own, so clear?  
Is it that ours are far from us, while theirs are  
near?

(MICHAELIS VERINUS: Bottari, *Carmina  
Illustrum Poetarum Italorum*, 1719-26,  
ix; p. 25. Michele Verino d. 1514.)

LXXXIX

BECAUSE your family is large why make so great  
ado?  
Rather rejoice that of them all not one takes after you.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 61.)



XC

TO DULCINEA

SOME deem you plain in form and face.  
That's easy to deny :  
Such cannot read your charm and grace.  
'Tis well for me, say I :  
A Quixote's love is jealous, dear,  
And admiration I should fear ;  
To others, then, pray ugly be,  
So long as you are fair to me.

(AUSONIUS, *Epigrammata*, lxxvi.)

XCI

RE INFECTA

AVICE on her ass, when returning from the fair,  
Of a saucy gallant was suddenly aware.  
He'd learnt from whence the beauty came, and slyly  
said,  
'Maiden, d'ye know the miller's lass at Greathamp-  
stead?'  
'Aye, surely, Sir! for she's a neighbour in our street.  
'Give her', quoth he, 'this kiss from me when next  
you meet.'  
Avice edged off but just in time, with prompt reply,  
'Place it on my donkey, please—he'll bear more  
than I!'

(ANON. *Recueil de B. L. M.*, Amsterdam,  
1720, ii, 102.)<sup>35</sup>

XCII

FROM ONE RALLIED BY A LADY FOR  
TARRYING FROM TOWN

BY babbling brooks, 'mid woodland peace, alone,  
Here on my flowery bed I doze in bliss;  
I would not leave this spot for kingly throne,  
But I would leave it for a single kiss.

(CHARLEVAL; d. 1693 or 1698.)

XCIII

AS precious stones will columns tall exceed  
In quality, not quantity indeed;  
So poesy by skill, not bulk, is classed:  
Oft epic is by epigram surpassed.

(NATHAN CHYTRAEUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, ii, p. 389.  
Nathan Kochhaff d. 1598.)

XCIV

THE REASONABLE WIFE

DAY after day my husband has no word for me but blame.

Headstrong, forsooth, he says I am: forgetful of his due.

What can he have to grumble at? Our wishes are the same.

The upper hand is what he wants. Just so, I want it too.

(HEN. STEPHANUS. Wright, *Delitiae Deliciarum*, 1637, p. 19. Henri Étienne d. 1598.)

XCV

BECAUSE my cook for cooking ill I beat,  
I am a glutton and a brute, you say.

Is that too slight a fault? To spoil my meat?

For what offence should cooks be beaten, pray?

(MARTIAL, viii, 23.)

XCVI

THE PARADOX OF DREAMS

BAD dreams are good, and good dreams bad.  
To find bad dreams untrue we're glad ;  
When good dreams turn out false we're sad.

(*Audoeni Epig.*, vii, No. 112.)

XCVII

A RUSTIC hag once picked up by the way  
A mirror. What it showed her roused dismay :  
'Glasses', croaked she, 'were better in my day !'

(EURICIUS CORDUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, ii, p. 744. Eurich Cordus d. 1535.)

XCVIII

TO THREADBARE

NO vice, I grant, is poverty. It may be termed,  
indeed,

A kind of social leprosy. Hence Fashion has decreed  
That kin or friends cannot to it acquaintanceship concede.

(*Paraphrase of* JACOBUS BOISSARDUS.  
Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609,)  
i, p. 638. Jean-Jacques Boissard d. 1602.)

XCIX

BACCHUS, to thee this empty cask I offer :

I drained it dry, it drained my purse and coffer.  
Master, accept ! Naught else have I to proffer !

(SCAEVOLA SAMMARTHANUS. *Ibid.*, iii, p.  
442. Scévole, or Gaucher, Sainte-Marthe  
d. 1623.)<sup>36</sup>

C

TWO sisters fair my heart divide,  
And either I am loth to lose :  
Not which to love must I decide,  
Which not to love I have to choose.

(Suggested by DE LA SABLIERE ; d. 1680.)

CI

IF, loosed by wine, my tongue too freely wag,  
The generous hearer will his own tongue gag.  
Who, treacherous, abroad my fooling bruits,  
With foulsome lip the lenient cup pollutes.

(JACOBUS BOISSARDUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, i, p. 642. J.-J. Boissard d. 1602.)



CII

‘WHILE yet you draw your breath’,  
The Preacher oft hath said,  
‘ Make life a living death,  
That you may live when dead.’

(*Andoeni Epig.*, ii, No. 49.)

CIII

‘MORE hammering for my poems you desire?’  
‘ Aye, forge them anew :  
That’s the thing to do.’  
‘ But for this I must put them in the fire !’

(ANON. *Recueil de B. L. M.*, Amsterdam,  
1720, ii, p. 63.)

CIV

THE bard who knows his verse is bad as it can be  
Deserves to wear the bays, for no bad bard is he.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 19.)

CV

TO hoary heads deep reverence we owe:  
What 's due to hairless pates I do not know.

(JOHANNES PETRUS LOTICHIVS. Wright,  
*Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 150. Lotich  
of Hanau d. 1560.)

CVI

WOULD'ST lead a happy life? Then life despise.  
Our life is wretched if our life we prize.

(*Andoeni Epig.*, x, No. 13.)

CVII

FAINTHEART e'er vacillates in wondering thought  
Lest he do ill, thus in the end doth naught.

(STEPHANUS PASCHASIUS. Wright, *Delitiae  
Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 30. Étienne Pasquier  
d. 1615.)

CVIII

TWO plagues there are. For both a man still prays :  
The first is woman, next is length of days.  
The former tortures and the latter slays.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 49.)

CIX

‘WINTER’S bald trees and fields’, thou dost complain,  
‘ Each season wave with foliage, herbage, grain,  
But my bare scalp will ne’er grass o’er again !’

(*Andoeni Epig.*, i, No. 73.)

CX

ABSENCE to love is much as wind to fire :  
Under its breath will feeble flames expire,  
Under its blast fierce blazes flare the higher.

(DE BUSSY-RABUTIN ; d. 1693.)

CXI

WITH lies you mingle truth to credit gain.  
If simple truth you cannot speak, we'd fain  
Have simple lies, the truth would then be plain.

(HENRICUS HARDERUS. Rostgaard, *Deliciae Poetarum Danorum*, 1693, ii, p. 295.  
Harder d. 1683.)

CXII

AGAINST MY MISTRESS

KIND and cruel, you want and don't ;  
Now you'll love, next moment you won't ;  
Promises fair forthwith you break ;  
Good hope held out away you take ;  
By turns you tempt, by turns repel :  
You give me Heaven and give me Hell !  
O Tantalus ! Your lot I deem  
Is hard : you thirst amid the stream ;  
But harder mine who nectar see,  
Within my reach, denied to me.

(*Paraphrase of ANGELUS POLITIANUS, In Amicam. Gruter, Delitiae Italorum Poetarum, 1608, ii, p. 351. Politian d. 1494.*)<sup>37</sup>

CXIII

THE ARMED VENUS OF SPARTA <sup>38</sup>

VENUS in panoply arrayed  
Minerva spied :  
‘ Would you ’, she cried,  
‘ Thus dight contend with me anew ? ’  
‘ How will you fare,  
If arms I bear ? ’  
Cythere, gently smiling, said,  
‘ No mail I wore  
No weapon bore,  
When erewhile, nude,<sup>39</sup> I vanquished you.’

(*Paraphrase of Anthologia Planudea*, 174.  
*Incerto Auctore.*)<sup>40</sup>



CXIV

TO A BEARDED PHILOSOPHER

PRAY wear your beard inside your skull, your brains  
upon your chin :  
And then at last to talk some sense perhaps you might  
begin.<sup>41</sup>

(Suggested by *N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 23.)

CXV

EPIGRAMMATISTS

I N idle moments, with naught else to do,  
We turn to finding fault—that's idle too.

(HENRICUS HARDERUS. Rostgaard, *Deliciae Poetarum Danorum*, 1693, ii, p. 283.  
Harder d. 1683.)

CXVI

TO A CERTAIN POLITICIAN

REVILED by all, you win unenvied fame :  
Else not a soul would even know your name.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 18.)

CXVII

TO THE SAME

LET scanty soil upon your corpse be thrown,  
That dogs may worry at it bone by bone.

(AMMIANOΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, xi,  
226.)

CXVIII

IF you desire your Muse shall ne'er decay,  
Let her with Attic salt be seasoned well.  
This will preserve her sound for many a day,  
Tickle the reader's palate, zest compel.  
Lines that lack salt! What fate do they deserve?  
To wrap the grocer's pepper such may serve.<sup>42</sup>

(HENRICUS HARDERUS. Rostgaard, *Deliciae Poetarum Danorum*, 1693, ii, 296.  
Harder d. 1683.)

CXIX

A MISER once espied a mouse  
Within his house :  
‘ My friend, what do you here ? ’ cried he.  
‘ Don’t anxious be ’,  
The mouse said, laughing, ‘ for your hoard ;  
Lodging is all I ask, not board.’

(ΔΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΣ. *Anthologia Palatina*, xi,  
391.)<sup>43</sup>

CXX

TO HIS MISTRESS

ACCEPT this floral garland by mine own hand made :  
    Soon will its freshness fade.  
List, then, unto my wooing ere too late it be :  
    The same lot waits for thee.

(*Paraphrase of* NICOLAUS BORBONIUS.  
Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609,  
i, p. 789. Nicolas Bourbon the elder  
who d. 1550.)<sup>44</sup>

CXXI

AN overbearing priest as e'er was shorn,  
    Leaving the world he cowed, to God is gone  
His soul to render. That we're sure about.  
Whether God takes it one may safely doubt.

(DE CAILLY ; d. 1673.)

CXXII

INSCRIPTION ON A CYNIC'S TOMB

FAREWELL thou sordid world ! Farewell to thee !  
I, now free dweller in the realm divine,  
Smile, thankful, for thou wast a jail to me.  
Indeed, when I contrast this life with thine,  
Thy darkling struggle is a joy to see.

(EURICIUS CORDUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, ii, p. 867.  
Eurich Cordus d. 1535.)

CXXIII

‘COLD Lucrece, to you oft and again  
What you cost me in tears have I said.’  
In my heart to confess I am fain.  
That such tears cost me nothing to shed.  
(Suggested by L’ABBÉ MÉNAGE; d. 1692.)

CXXIV

‘FORTUNA VARIABILIS’

*PAUPER*, his deadly noose already tied,  
    *Miser's* hid gold in nick of time espied :  
    The rope he dropped, the hoard he seized, away he  
        hied.  
*Miser*, returned, was plunged in deep despair :  
The hoard was gone, the ready rope was there—  
    He fixed the fatal knot and swung into the air.

(ΣΤΑΤΙΛΛΙΟΣ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΣ, *or* ΠΛΑΤΩΝ.  
*Anthologia Palatina*, ix, 44, 45.  
*Expanded.*)<sup>45</sup>



CXXV

‘ ὕδωρ δὲ πίνων χρηστὸν οὐδὲν ἂν τέκοις.’

‘ VERSE writ by water-drinkers never lives,’  
 Cratinus sang, but jolly Bacchus gives  
 To his wise votaries strength and fire. Thus he  
 Jove’s worthy offspring shows himself to be.  
 If boozing-bouts of frogs suit more your taste,  
 Hie to their stagnant pools, good thirst to waste ;  
 Write there your washy doggrel, and, we pray,  
 With both in future, at the bottom, stay.

(ARTHURUS JONSTONUS. *Musa Latina  
 Aberdonensis*, Ed. by Geddes, 1895, ii,  
 p. 132, No. 7. Johnston d. 1641.)<sup>46</sup>

CXXVI

TO AN ECONOMICAL HOST

MARSALA comes my way, Madeira stays by thee :  
No need to taste the trash, the smell's enough  
for me.

(MARTIAL, iii, 49.)

CXXVII

ON AN UNLEARNED PLUTOCRAT

IN purple and fine linen I see Ignoramus dressed :  
A silly sheep in golden fleece this doth to me suggest.

(JACOBUS ROGERIUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, iii, p. 241. Roger fl. 1500-50.)<sup>47</sup>

CXXVIII

THE PERFECT UNION

I DEAL the marriage and free from strife,  
Where the husband is deaf, and blind the wife.

(NICOLAUS REUSNERUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, v, p. 776. Reusner d. 1602.)

CXXIX

A HOPELESS PROSPECT

‘WHEN may I rest from learning?’ Clodpate cries.  
‘When nothing’s left to learn’, the Sage replies.

(*Godefridi Prioris Epigrammata*, ed. Wright, Rolls Series, ii, p. 103. Prior Godfrey d. 1107.)

CXXX

LUCRETIA BORGIA

AS Cupid, proud with torch and quiver, strolled,  
Divine Lucretia he spied, and thought  
A new task found. Then plucked a shaft of gold  
Wherewith in old time down great Jove he brought.  
Hasting, he bent the bolt, but, e'er it sped,  
Himself pierced by the arrows of her eyne,  
Both hand and weapon fell. Smiling, he said,  
'Now have I met a fiercer flame than mine!'

(TITUS STROZA. Bottari, *Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum*, 1719-26, ix, 169.  
Tito Vespasiano Strozzi d. c. 1508.)<sup>48</sup>

CXXXI

THE CASUIST AND THE CLODHOPPER

TWO eggs upon the table laid,  
‘I’m sure you will agree’,  
Choplogic to a rustic said,  
‘That one—and two—make three.’  
Quoth Hodge, ‘Your argument’s complete ;  
I take you at your word :  
As you can see, these two I eat  
And you may have the third.’

(*After* SIR THOMAS MORE, *Confutacyon of  
Tyndales Answere*, 1532, p. 275.)

CXXXII

NOVI ALIQUID

OFTEN will common things the rich man please.  
Not because cheap: there's novelty in these.  
So, zest for costly food by use effaced,  
Turtle may pall, while offal tempts the taste.

(*Godefridi Prioris Epigrammata*, ed.  
Wright, Rolls Series, ii, p. 117. Prior  
Godfrey d. 1107.)

CXXXIII

THE critics say no modern bard is good.  
For this we may be glad:  
If it be so, 'tis easy understood  
That there can be no bad.

(JANUS LERNUTUS. Gruter, *Delitiae Poetarum Belgicorum*, 1614, iii, p. 223. Jean Lernout d. 1619.)

CXXXIV

THE COURTLY SPRAT

THUS spake the fish on Beauty's plate :  
    ' At first I sorrowed o'er my fate ;  
But joy is mine, and banished gloom,  
On burial in so fair a tomb.'

(HERCULES ROLLOCUS. Arthur Johnston,  
*Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*, Amsterdam,  
1637, ii, p. 386. Rollock d. 1600.)

CXXXV

FILL up! Let's merry-make, and drink while yet we  
    may.

Fill up! For all we know this might be our last day.

Fill up! Death may kill all but thirst! How can we  
    tell?

Fill up! We may no tavern find in Heaven or Hell!

(Suggested by Maynard; d. 1646.)



CXXXVI

TO APELLES

WHY picture Venus rising from the chilly brine?  
More truly paint her springing from the hot sweet  
wine.

(STEPHANUS FORCATULUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, i, p. 905.  
Étienne Forcadet d. 1573.)<sup>49</sup>

CXXXVII

TO A NEW-MADE WIDOW

WHY tear your hair because your husband's called?  
Will sorrow turn to joy when you are bald?

(Suggested by GEORGIUS SABINUS. Gruter,  
*Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, 1612, v,  
p. 1148. Georg Schüler d. 1560.)<sup>50</sup>

CXXXVIII

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

WHY was the sea made salt ? Because, I think,  
If fresh, the fishes every drop would drink.

(TIMOTHEUS POLUS. Wright, *Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 153. Polus d. 1642.)

CXXXIX

TO AN OLD MAN USING A STAFF

WHY haste your journey onward with a stave ?  
Do not two legs suffice to reach the grave ?

(CAELIUS CALCAGNINUS. Bottari, *Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum*, 1719-26, iii, p. 78. Celio Calcagnini d. 1541.)

CXL

INSCRIPTION ON A DRIED-UP SPRING

WHY marvel if the Naiad's hand appear  
Niggard, O, ye who pass?  
This fount is dry, for hot-heart Cupid's here,  
And she lies hid, alas!  
The flames of love he fans with cruel wing:  
She dare not venture out.  
The Nymph may ne'er again full measure bring  
Ere ye the Love-God rout.

(BERARDINUS ROTA. Bottari, *Carmina  
Illustrum Poetarum Italarum*, 1719-26,  
viii, p. 153. Berardino [or Bernardino]  
Rota d. 1575.)

CXLI

THE MAN OF STRAW

‘TEN times a day doth Gammon peer  
    Into his money-chest,  
And turn the key in seeming fear.  
    Is he so timid lest  
Some rogue may rob him of his hoard?’  
    ‘Nay, ’tis that none may think  
That there but empty air is stored;  
    His credit thus would shrink.’

(ANON. *Recueil de B. L. M.*, Amst., 1720,  
i, 63.)<sup>51</sup>

CXLII

A GIFT of golden apples hast thou sent to me,  
Dear Marcia mine ;  
Love's emblem, yet more grateful had they come with  
thee.

One kiss of thine,  
If they be sour, will turn them sweet ; grant, then,  
my plea

That here thou dine !

(*Suggested by C. HELVIUS CINNA* [?].  
P. Pithou, *Epigrammata et Poemata*  
*Vetera*, Geneva, 1619, p. 125.)

CXLIII

'TIS true that kings make war, but kings make  
truces too,  
And peace at last, if tardy, to our joy renew.  
But priests, for ever wrangling, weave undying feud ;  
They set no ruthful limit to their squabbles rude.  
Captious and merciless, their tongues with venom flow,  
Hence that the pen's more cruel than the sword we know.

(*Andoeni Epig.*, iv, No. 96.)

CXLIV

TO THE EPIGRAMMATIST

UNLESS your verses, wasp-like, close with sting  
in tail,  
Bard you may be, as epigrammatist you fail.

(THOMAS METELLANUS. Arthur Johnston,  
*Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*, Amst., 1637,  
ii, p. 179. Thomas Maitland d. 1572.)

CXLV

MY epigrams are far from good it may be said,  
But then I never bite my nails or scratch my head.<sup>52</sup>

(*Audoeni Epig.*, ii, No. 172.)



CXLVI

CAUGHT!

‘**L**OVERS! In Church must be restraint of bliss :  
Hands ye may press, but lips ye shall not kiss’.

(JOHANNES SECUNDUS. Ed. by Scriverius  
Leyden, 1631, p. 115. *Condensed.* Jan  
Everard d. 1536.)

CXLVII

**W**HY to me, Flora, fresh-cut roses send ?  
Those worn by you far sweeter fragrance lend.

(*Paraphrase of MARTIAL*, xi, 89.)

CXLVIII

EPITAPH ON A WATCH-DOG

HERE lies a dog of instinct so refined  
That in the darkest night he, fierce or kind,  
Knew whether stealthy thief or lover stept.  
His loss by swain and fair alike is wept.

(TRISTRAN L'HERMITE ; d. 1656.)<sup>53</sup>

CXLIX

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

TO Adam Eve had slyly wagered kisses three  
That God would never miss an apple from the tree.  
She lost, but pay withheld, and made a great ado :  
The first he had to snatch, she gave the other two.

(Suggested by MADAME DESHOULIÈRES ; d.  
1694.)

CL

TO PHILLIDA

WHENE'ER I come from greeting you refrain :  
    Whene'er I go, capricious, you complain.  
It is not that to miss my face you deign,  
And, loving, long for my return again :  
    It is that then you cannot feast upon my pain.

(*Georgii Buchanani Scoti Poemata*, Amst.,  
1687, p. 258. Buchanan d. 1582.)

CLI

TO 'MY LADY DISDAIN'

COLDER than snow, harder than marble, thou !  
    Yet, howso cruel, love may hope allow.  
Hath not frost heat within ? Doth it not sting ?  
E'en flame from flint to strike is no new thing !

(STEPHANUS PASCHASIUS. Gruter, *Delitiae  
Poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, ii, p. 948.  
Étienne Pasquier d. 1615.)

CLII

ON A BROKEN BACKBITER

THE Slanderer's ruin's complete.

His venomous envy and spite  
My instinct to help him defeat.

His purse is in piteous plight :

He soon will find nothing to eat ;

He'll always find something to bite.

(CHARLEVAL; d. 1693 or 1698.)

CLIII

TO THE BUYER OF MY BOOK

FAR less to me than you my verses cost :

I have but time, while you have money lost.

(*N. Cath. Epig.*, p. 1.)

---

'Rete plenum centum quinquaginta tribus'.

(*Joannes*, XXI, xi.)

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The apple was an emblem of love : see, *e.g.*, *Anth. Pal.*, v, 80 ; Diogenes Laërtius, *Plato*, xxiii, 32 ; &c.

<sup>2</sup> There is a Latin version by Pierius Valerianus (Gruter, *D. Ital. P.*, ii, p. 1359). The idea is imitated by Reusner (Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, v, p. 796), Hieronymus Angerianus (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, i, p. 254), and Georgius Anselmus (*Ibid.*, p. 299). *Cp.* Callimachus, Leyden, 1761, i, p. 325, *Epig.* lv, and *Anth. Pal.*, v, 146.

<sup>3</sup> 'Ipse'.

<sup>4</sup> The popular *Disticha* of Dionysius Cato were probably composed in the fifth or sixth century.

<sup>5</sup> The Latin text was published also in Wright's *Delitiae Delitiarum*, 1637, p. 101, where 'Placentinus' is misprinted 'Macentinus'.

<sup>6</sup> This is founded on a saying attributed to both Bion the Philosopher (Diogenes Laërtius, *Bion*, iii, 48) and Antisthenes (*Ibid.*, *Antisthenes*, iv, 3). An epigram by Jo. Franciscus Ferrarius, of Modena (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, iv, p. 257), acknowledges Bion as the original source ; and Reusner (Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, v, p. 793) made use of it without acknowledgement.

<sup>7</sup> There is a somewhat similar epigram by Hieronymus Angerianus (Gruter, *D. Ital. P.*, i, p. 201), and *cp.* Spenser, *Poems*, iii.



## A FARDEL OF EPIGRAMS

<sup>8</sup> For silence connected with fountains *cp. Anth. Pal.*, ix, 37.

<sup>9</sup> This reference to the predatory habits of the house-cat is classical : see, *e. g.*, *Anth. Pal.*, vii, 204-6.

<sup>10</sup> See Cicero, *Acad.*, i, 12 ; ii, 10 ; Diogenes Laërtius, *Pyrrho*, viii, 72 ; and Lactantius, *Instit.*, iii, 27. Time drawing Truth out of a pit was a *devise* of Queen Mary Tudor, referring to her restoration of Romanism.

<sup>11</sup> *Cp. Martial*, vi, 15.

<sup>12</sup> This was drawn upon, without acknowledgement, in the *Ingoldsby Legends* : ' Raising the Devil '.

<sup>13</sup> Wright's reading of l. 3 is followed. Gruter (*D. Ital. P.*, ii, p. 1110) and Bottari (*C. I. P. Ital.*, ix, p. 201) read ' Quid sonti sperare nefas ', &c.

<sup>14</sup> There is a Latin version by Henricus Stephanus (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, iii, p. 890), who wrongly attributed the Greek to Rufinus.

<sup>15</sup> *Cp. Rufinus, Anth. Pal.*, v, 42 ; and Scaevola Sammarthanus in Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, iii, p. 425.

<sup>16</sup> This is based on an epigram by Podisippus (*Anth. Pal.*, xii, 120). *Cp. the proverb* *μηδ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὸς δύο*, which appears in the *Adagia* of Erasmus (Cent. I, xxxix) as ' Ne Hercules adversus duos '. There is a Latin version by Hadrianus Marius (Gruter, *D. P. Belg.*, iii, p. 445).

<sup>17</sup> *Cp. ' By the clock of my belly '.* See, too, Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, 1654, IV, ii ; Massinger, *The Bondman*, 1624, II, ii ; Heywood, *The Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, I, i ; *The English Traveller*, 1633, I, i : ' My stomach hath struck twelve '.

<sup>18</sup> William Gilbert, M.D., c. 1540-1603, author of *De Magnete*, 1600.

<sup>19</sup> 'Cadiva'. I have preferred this Low Latin word as much prettier than 'marcescens'.

<sup>20</sup> On the two courtesans named Laïs see Athenaeus, Bk. XIII. With this epigram *cp.* those by Julianus, Prefect of Egypt (*Anth. Pal.*, vi, 18-20). There is a clumsy and long-winded version by Thynne (c. 1600) of this beautiful epigram (Thynne, *Emblems*, E.E.T.S., 41), also an unworthy one by Prior, apparently after Ausonius (*Epig.*, liv). Gruter (*D. P. Gall.*, iii, p. 435) printed a Latin rendering by Scaevola Sammarthanus, and another (*Ibid.*, p. 888) by Hen. Stephanus; while there is also one by Sir Thomas More in his *Lucubrationes*, Basle, 1563, p. 197. Orlando Gibbons has a very remote English paraphrase in his *First Set of Madrigals and Mottets*, 1612.

<sup>21</sup> *Cp.* Epictetus, *Encheiridion*, xv : ἔση ἄξιός τῶν θεῶν συμπότης.

<sup>22</sup> Owen (edition of 1659, i, No. 123) imitated this and spoilt it. The same motif occurs again in an old ballad printed in *The Musical Miscellany*, 1729, i, p. 94, which is Prior's *The Thief and the Cordelier* set to music.

<sup>23</sup> There is a similar epigram by Henricus Harderus (Rostgaard, *D. P. Dan.*, ii, p. 278). If we may trust the statement in another of Harder's epigrams (*Ibid.*, p. 304), Rousseau has copied from him:—

'AD LECTOREM

An bona sint noster quae carmina fudit Apollo

Nescio, quod nova sint, Lector amice, scio'.



A similar plagiarism may have been perpetrated in No. cxli below.

<sup>24</sup> A Latin version by Flaminius Raius will be found in Bottari (*C. I. P. Ital.*, viii, p. 52).

<sup>25</sup> Le Brun's is a French rendering of the original Latin by Georgius Sabinus, which is printed in Wright (p. 133), and also in the *Epigrammatum Delectus in Usum Scholae Etonensis* (1683, p. 331, and 1715, p. 163). Le Brun, however, has improved it by substituting a poet for a ruined spendthrift (*decoctor*). With these may be compared Politian's *Ad Fures* (Gruter, *D. Ital. P.*, ii, p. 360), and an epigram by Hen. Stephanus (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, iii, p. 888). It is, by the way, hardly remembered now that the epigram, like the emblem, was formerly a recognized item in the scholastic curriculum. At Eton, for example, we have the *Delectus* above referred to, in the early years of the 18th century an anthology of Greek epigrams was printed for St. Paul's School, a selection for the use of Winchester was published in 1791, and in France the *Petites Écoles* of Messieurs de Port-Royal also had their *Delectus Epigrammatum*, for which Richelet wrote a valuable Introduction. The making of epigrams was a well-known practice at Westminster.

<sup>26</sup> *Cp.* an epigram by Euricius Cordus in Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, ii, p. 733.

<sup>27</sup> There is a point in this, apparently coined, name. *Vesvius*, or *Vesbius*, was a contracted collateral form of *Vesuvius*. *Vesbia*, then, is an inflammatory lady.

<sup>28</sup> This conceit seems to have found favour with the Neo-Latinists. It is used by Sannazarius again (*Ibid.*,

p. 744); also by Faustus Sabaeus (*Ibid.*, p. 582); by Hieronymus Angerianus (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, i, p. 386); by Nicolaus Borbonius (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, i, p. 288); by Cynthius Jo. Baptista Gyraldus (*Ibid.*, v, p. 772); by Jacobus Eyndius (Gruter, *D. P. Belg.*, ii, p. 336); and by Johannes Lauterbachius (Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, iii, p. 934).

<sup>29</sup> A Latin version by Sir Thomas More appears in his *Lucubrationes* (Basle, 1563, p. 220), and in the *Eton Delectus* (1683, p. 331; 1715, p. 163).

<sup>30</sup> There are French versions: one by Maynard, and another in *Recueil de B. L. M.*, Amsterdam, 1720, ii, p. 94.

<sup>31</sup> The Plague in England was transmitted by the breath: see, e.g., Defoe, *Journal of the Plague Year*, 1665, edited by Brayley, 1835, p. 108; and Pepys, 12 Feb., 1665/6. This was probably also the case with the Great Plague at Athens as described by Thucydides (Bk. II) and by Lucretius (vi, 1138 *et seq.*).

<sup>32</sup> Perhaps suggested by Palladas (*Anth. Pal.*, xi, 381), of which there exist Latin versions by Pierius Valerianus (Gruter, *D. Ital. P.*, ii, p. 1356) and Johannes Auratus (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, i, p. 280). See, too, the series of rival renderings from the Greek by Sir Thomas More and William Lily (the first High Master of Colet's reorganized St. Paul's School) published in More's *Lucubrationes*, pp. 171-9.

<sup>33</sup> There are Latin versions by Hen. Stephanus (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, iii, p. 904), and by Andreas Dactius (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, iv, p. 1); also a rather far-off one by Hercules Stroza (*Ibid.*, ix, p. 200).

<sup>34</sup> A similar epigram by Stephanus Paschasius will be found in Gruter's *D. P. Gall.*, ii, p. 910.

<sup>35</sup> There is, of course, in 'bear' (l. 6) an *équivoque*, 'carry' and 'endure', which the narrower school of epigrammatists considered an almost indispensable element in an epigram, though it need not be a merely verbal one. This cramping view was in time justly discarded. Examples of the verbal *équivoque* are seen in Nos. xxxvii, lxiii, lxxi, lxxix, lxxxI, lxxxiii, xciv, cxv, and non-verbal instances in Nos. xl, lx, lxxx, civ, cxxiii.

This piece, like Nos. xvi, xxxvi, xxxvii, liv, lv, lx, lxxxiv, lxxxv, cxxiv, cxxxi, is rather a *conte épigrammatique* than an epigram pure and simple, but such are admitted as epigrams in all collections of this class of composition. Naturally, they are, as a rule, longer.

<sup>36</sup> This seems to be a development of, and certainly an improvement on, *Anth. Pal.*, vi, 77.

<sup>37</sup> A somewhat similar epigram, by Andreas Dactius, will be found in Bottari (*C. I. P. Ital.*, iv, p. 8).

<sup>38</sup> Antipater Sidonius made an epigram on this statue (*Anth. Planudea*, 176).

<sup>39</sup> Γυμνός. Cp. the use of this word in Herodotus, ix, 63, &c ; and the phrase 'nudus miles', the soldier without body-armour, of mediaeval times (e.g., in *Wardrobe Accounts of Edward II*, quoted in Hewitt's *Ancient Armour*, 1860, ii, pp. 39-40).

<sup>40</sup> Gruter published (*D. P. Germ.*, vi, p. 556) a Latin version by Thomas Stigellius, and there are two by Ausonius (*Epig.*, xli, xlii).



<sup>41</sup> This favourite gibe, which is preserved in the Italian proverb *La barba non fa il filosofo*, appears in various forms : *cp.* 'Sapientem pascere barbam' (Horace, *Sat.*, II, iii, 35), and see Lucian in *Anth. Pal.*, xi, 430 (in a Latin version of which by Georgius Amerbachius the original is attributed to Palladas : Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, i, p. 386), and Ammianus, *Ibid.*, 156. It occurs several times among the Neo-Latinists : *e. g.* Eusebius Sarrinus (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, ix, p. 451); Hadrianus Burchius (Gruter, *D. P. Belg.*, i, p. 864); Martinus Braschius (Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, i, p. 776); and Janus Douza (Eton *Delectus*, 1751, p. 201. Jan Van der Does died in 1604).

<sup>42</sup> Horace, *Epist.*, II, i, 270: 'Et piper et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.'

<sup>43</sup> There are Latin renderings of this among the *Progyrnasmata* of More and Lily in the *Thomae Mori Lucubrationes* above referred to : pp. 171-9.

<sup>44</sup> *Cp.* Hieronymus Angerianus, *Ad Rosam* (Bottari, *C. I. P. Ital.*, i, p. 255).

<sup>45</sup> See Diogenes Laërtius, *Plato*, xxiii, 33. Ausonius produced two Latin versions (*Epig.*, xxi, xxii), and Pierius Valerianus another (Gruter, *D. Ital. P.*, ii, p. 1359).

<sup>46</sup> Johnston ascribes to Ennius the saying quoted in the first line, but it is really from Cratinus, as recorded by Horace (*Epist.*, i, 19, *imit.*); see, too, the epigram by Nicaenetus on Cratinus in Athenaeus, ii, 9, from which the heading here is taken.

<sup>47</sup> The origin of this is a saying of Diogenes : see

Diogenes Laërtius, *Diogenes*, VI, ii, 47. In Wright's *Delitiae Delitiarum*, p. 16, 'Rogerius' is mis-spelt 'Roegrius', which, like his 'Macentinus' (Note 5 above), misled Dodd (*The Epigrammatists*, Bohn's Series), who did not take the trouble to go behind him.

<sup>48</sup> Contemporary eulogistic poems on Lucretia Borgia are numerous.

<sup>49</sup> *Cp.* Nicolaus Reusner in Gruter, *D. P. Germ.*, v, p. 796.

<sup>50</sup> This is founded on a saying of Bion, the Philosopher, preserved in Cicero, *Tusc.*, iii, 26.

<sup>51</sup> *Cp.* a similar epigram by Henricus Harderus in Rostgaard, *D. P. Dan.*, ii, p. 262 ; and see Note 23 above.

<sup>52</sup> Horace, *Sat.*, I, x, 71.

<sup>53</sup> The epigram from which this version has been made is, of course, in French, but two at any rate of the Neo-Latinists had previously used the same idea : Joachimus Bellaius (Gruter, *D. P. Gall.*, i, p. 457), and Hadrianus Burchius (Gruter, *D. P. Belg.*, i, p. 865). Whether Tristran l'Hermite plagiarized from one of them, or whether all three drew from some earlier original, it is impossible to say. There is none such in the Greek Anthology.



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